Standing in the Dust

Ten Poetic Reflections on Palestine

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From Iran, with heart

> Preface

This book is a quiet cry from the depths of dust and ruin. These verses were not written in comfort. They were born in the shadows of bombed homes, in the silence that follows screams, in the breath of a child buried beside her doll.

Each page speaks of what was lost but also of what remains: dignity, resistance, the refusal to forget.

We write not to change the world, but to remember it to hold its wounds in our hands and whisper: "We saw. We felt. We stood in the dust." > The light and warmth of the sun surpass the light and heat of every bomb. And I stand in this dark night, waiting for the dawn. Isn't the morning near?

Without you, I am undone like the scattered hair of little girls in Gaza.